Prayer is a scanning of the heavens for the chink through which angels travel and divinity looks on, like the opening in the dome of the Pantheon in Rome, or on the head of the Hopi in prayer, or the clear sight of the sky in a grove of tall trees, or the fontanelle of a baby.

Or, in the other direction, it’s Dante finding an entrance in the woods to the inferno, or the tomb of Jesus, or the place of Orpheus’s musical descent, or the Frogs of Aristophanes chanting their Underworld mantra.

Sometimes it’s a foxhole, in actual war or in the more ordinary life battles. It might be rimmed with hopelessness or marked out with fear or set with ignorance and chance. Cancer opens the way to prayer, a black hole through which divinity peers and the human discovers infinity.